

Name: _____

17

- A. Sonnet
- B. Ballad
- C. Free Verse

1. _____

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

2. _____

I READ that once in Affrica
A princely wight did raine,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did faine.
From natures lawes he did decline,
For sure he was not of my minde,
He cared not for women-kind
But did them all disdaine.
But marke what hapned on a day;
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a beggar all in gray.
The which did cause his paine.

The blinded boy that shootes so trim
From heaven downe did hie,
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lye:
Which soone did pierse him to the quicke,
And when he felt the arrow pricke,
Which in his tender heart did sticke,
He looketh as he would dye.
What sudden chance is this," quoth he,

"That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
But still did it defie?"

Then from the window he did come,
And laid him on his bed;
A thousand heapes of care did runne
Within his troubled head.
For now he meanes to crave her love,
And now he seekes which way to proove
How he his fancie might remoove,
And not this beggar wed.
But Cupid had him so in snare,
That this poor begger must prepare p. 45
A salve to cure him of his care,
Or els he would be dead.

3. _____

KING LEIR once rulèd in this land
With princely power and peace,
And had all things with hearts content,
That might his joys increase.
Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could shew the dearest love: p. 50
"For to my age you bring content,"
Quoth he, "then let me hear,
Which of you three in plighted troth
The kindest will appear."

To whom the eldest thus began:
"Dear father, mind," quoth she,
"Before your face, to do you good,
My blood shall render'd be.
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,

Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain."

"And so will I," the second said;
"Dear father, for your sake,
The worst of all extremities
I'll gently undertake:
And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love;
That sweet content and quietness
Discomforts may remove."

"In doing so, you glad my soul,"
The aged king reply'd;
But what sayst thou, my youngest girl,
How is thy love ally'd?"
"My love" (quoth young Cordelia then),
"Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I'll show."

4. _____
When forty winters shall beseige thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

5. _____
WHEN as King Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,
Her favour, and her face;
A sweeter creature in this worlde
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde,
Appeard to each man's sight;
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,
Her name was called so,
To whom our queene, Dame Ellinor,
Was known a deadlye foe.

The king therefore, for her defence
Against the furious queene,
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
The like was never seene.

6. _____

I buried my father in my heart.

Now he grows in me, my strange son,
My little root who won't drink milk,
Little pale foot sunk in unheard-of night,
Little clock spring newly wet
In the fire, little grape, parent to the future
Wine, a son the fruit of his own son,
Little father I ransom with my life.

7. _____

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother,

For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shall see
Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

8. _____

IN the merrie moneth of Maye,
In a morne by break of daye,
With a troope of damselles playing
Forthe 'l yode' forsooth a maying;

When anon by a wood side,
Where that Maye was in his pride,
I espied all alone
Phillida and Corydon.

Much adoe there was, God wot:
He wold love, and she wold not.
She sayde, "Never man was trewe;"
He sayes, "None was false to you."

He sayde, hee had lovde her longe;
She sayes, love should have no wronge.
Corydon wold kisse her then;
She sayes, "Maydes must kisse no men,

9. _____

As it fell out on a long summer's day,
Two lovers they sat on a hill;
They sat together that long summer's day,
And could not talk their fill.

"I see no harm by you, Margarèt,
And you see none by mee;
Before to-morrow at eight o' the clock
A rich wedding you shall see."

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-windòw,
Combing her yellow hair;
There she spied sweet William and his bride,
As they were a riding near.

Then down she layd her ivory combe,
And braided her hair in twain:
She went alive out of her bower,
But ne'er came alive in't again.

10. _____

My last night as a full-time child
I didn't want to sleep, for fear of
Waking up in a rustle of too-crisp sheets
And a creak of inadequate bedsprings
With a lightly snoring virtual stranger eight feet away.
And also I didn't want it to be tomorrow,
Because then it would be time to do what
I've denied for three weeks of subsistence
And oblivion--ignoring is bliss.
And I saw everything I never did
Lying around me, pieces and steps of the
Success I never got, reminders that
Whatever I planned, I never got far.
But in the middle of these broken promises
To myself, I could see for the first time
That I have not been broken.
And I must keep myself, all that is real,
As daybreak does, and nightfall.
I exist to others, but all I need is me.
I will be the last promise, when all is said
And kept.

11. _____

"My bonny grey, noo play your part!
Gin ye be the steed that wins my dearie,
Wi' corn and hay ye'se be fed for aye,
And never spur sail mak' you wearie."

The grey was a mare, and a right gude mare:
But when she wan the Annan Water,
She couldna hae found the ford that night
Had a thousand merks been wadded at her.

"O boatman, boatman, put off your boat,
Put off your boat for gouden money!"
But for a' the goud in fair Scotland,
He dared na tak' him through to Annie.

12. _____

Spoken--a word implicit.
A concept--broken.
Trust--
A token, dropped
In the machine--
Time's up.
I have proven over
And again, I am
Tougher than I seem--
A fool still, hopeful.
And you never say
You grant me equal credibility
Or similar delusions.
To believe everything
You say--how can
I give you what I am not given?
But I do--
I would, and I will.
And I let you
Keep pieces of me
Locked, keyed to you
Secretly--only I
Can no longer
Be sure of finding them--
You will tell me,
I or you
Right or wrong.

And this new
Revisionist me
Wants only to be right
And for you to know.

13. _____

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,
And being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when Nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

14. _____

Friends
Means sharing, bittersweet
A brand name of love. It is a tie for all time,
Longer than the shadows we forget
Yet shorter and better than life, or for some longer,
Stronger. It balances you, with a pole in
One hand and a rope in the other, you choose what to use it for.
It is forever.

15. _____

Those Hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel:
For never-resting Time leads Summer on
To hideous Winter and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,

Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers distill'd though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

16. _____

I WAD I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na but my heart was sair
When my Love dropt and spak nae mair!
I laid her down wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

As I went down the water side,
Nane but my foe to be my guide,
Nane but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

17. _____

Friends
Remembers everything anyone ever felt,
Holds it in a cubbyhole somewhere for next time
When it is spoken or thought, from kindergarten

Elation to maturing despair. No friend is ever
Alone in action or reaction, left
Without a silent commiserating presence of
Invisible brick, a personal wailing wall
For those who need its strength
And stability.

18. _____

Then let not Winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
Then what could Death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair,
To be Death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

19. _____

I did not think when I named my people
Eurocentric that I would ever have to
Rack my brains for just the right touch of
Foreign syllable to represent a nation
That has given me a friend I wish to honor
Without insult.
And when I used to roam the open-air mall
In search of shoes, I never imagined
That one day I would argue with my sister
Over wearing the plaid flannel that clothes
The leering young men whose compliments
We can't accept
As I feel the fluorescent lights slowly
Bleaching my skin even paler than
Its standout rosy tan among
An olive sea.
And when I felt obligated to copy my books and
Choose a crush I never paid attention to

Last names or skin tone because
A heart is the same in any language
And mine breaks when I realize
How hard it is to accept.

20. _____
Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract and look another way:
 So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
 Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

21. _____
Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,
Resembling sire and child and happy mother
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
 Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
 Sings this to thee: 'Thou single wilt prove none.'

22. _____

The world's most humble egotist
Spin it around but
Nothing is true or can be, so
We're all wrong but you're not.
Is it false that nothing is true
Or can you be the only one blind enough
To see the unreality of the real?
All your isms, you'll never be quite wrong
But if nothing is true
Neither are you.

23. _____

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consumest thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.
Look what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

24. _____

Some kind of attraction that is neither
Animal, vegetable, nor mineral, a power not
Solar, fusion, or magnetic
And it is all in my head that
I could see into his
And find myself sitting there.

25. _____

For shame deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lovest is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate

That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire.
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

26. _____

To yon fause stream that, near the sea,
Hides mony an elf and plum,
And rives wi' fearful din the stanes,
A witless knicht did come.

The day shines clear--far in he's gane
Whar shells are silver bright,
Fishes war loupin' a' aroun',
And sparklin' to the light.

Whan, as he laved, sounds cam sae sweet
Frae ilka rock an' tree;
The brief was out, 'twas him it doomed
The mermaid's face to see.

Frae 'neath a rock, sune, sune she rose,
And stately on she swam,
Stopped i' the midst, and becked and sang
To him to stretch his han'.

Gowden glist the yellow links
That round her neck she'd twine;
Her een war o' the skyie blue,
Her lips did mock the wine;

The smile upon her bonnie cheek
Was sweeter than the bee;
Her voice excelled the birdie's sang
Upon the birchen tree.

Sae couthie, couthie did she look,
And meikle had she fleech'd;
Out shot his hand--alas! alas!
Fast in the swirl he screeched.

The mermaid leuch, her brief was gane,
And kelpie's blast was blawin',
Fu' low she duked, ne'er raise again,
For deep, deep was the fawin'

27. _____

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase:
Without this, folly, age and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease
And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh featureless and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:
She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

28. _____

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence

Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O, none but unthrifths: -- Dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so.

31. _____
Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

32. _____
As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's might.
O let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love and look for recompense
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

33. _____

LATE at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,

They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawning.

"What though ye be my sister's lord,
We'll cross our swords to-morrow."

"What though my wife your sister be,
I'll meet ye then on Yarrow."

"O stay at hame, my ain gude lord!
O stay, my ain dear marrow!
My cruel brither will you betray
On the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

"O fare ye weel, my lady dear!
And put aside your sorrow;
For if I gae, I'll sune return
Frae the bonny banks o' Yarrow."

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
As oft she'd done before, O;
She belted him wi' his gude brand,
And he's awa' to Yarrow.

34. _____

This institution,

perhaps one should say enterprise
out of respect for which
one says one need not change one's mind
about a thing one has believed in,
requiring public promises
of one's intention
to fulfill a private obligation:
I wonder what Adam and Eve
think of it by this time,
this fire-gilt steel
alive with goldenness;
how bright it shows—
